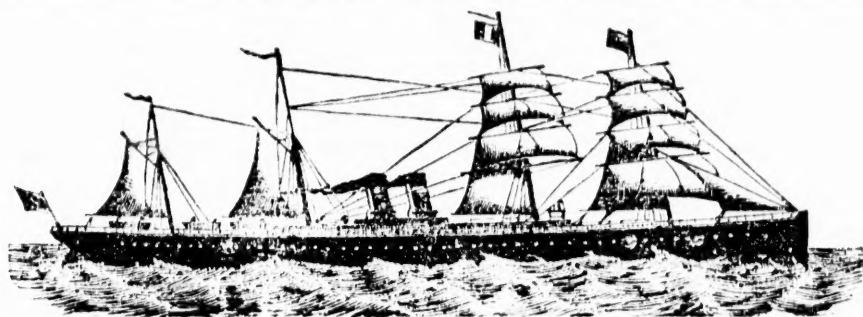


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# Lectures and Letters

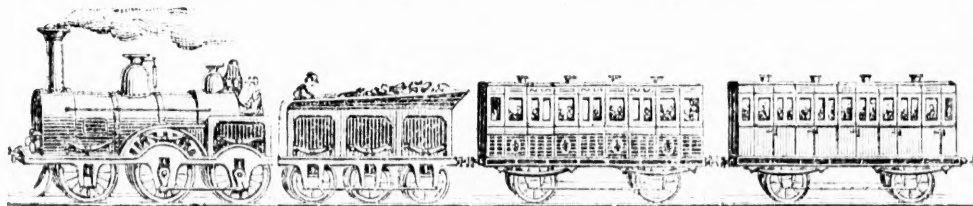
REFERRING TO

— CANADA, —

MANITOBA,

AND THE

## NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.



LIVERPOOL, JANUARY, 1883.

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# LECTURES AND LETTERS

REFERRING TO

## CANADA, MANITOBA,

AND THE

### NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

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*(From the Liverpool "Catholic Times" of Nov. 17th, 1882.)*

The welcome accorded on his return from America, to the Rev. Father Nugent, as he again took the chair as President of the Catholic Total Abstinence League, League Hall, St. Ann-street, on Monday night, was of the most cordial character. The fine Guard of the Veterans was in waiting without, whilst along the walls of the interior of the building such greetings as the following stood boldly out to view:—"God bless Father Nugent and the League of the Cross;" "We'll persevere to the end in the fight;" "Your presence brings joy;" "The League bids you welcome;" "Though absent, not forgotten;" "Temperance means prosperity;" "When led by you, temperance must succeed;" "Our hearts are gladdened to-night;" "Welcome, protector of the Orphans;" "Founder of the League of the Cross, welcome;" "Welcome to our friend and benefactor," &c. On entering the hall, Father Nugent was enthusiastically cheered by the large audience assembled, and a song of welcome was sung with heartiness by the League choristers. A large number of the Reverend Gentleman's friends and admirers surrounded him on the platform, many ladies being present. In the interval of an enjoyable entertainment,

Father Nugent, who again received an ovation, rose to address the audience. He thanked them for their expressions of goodwill and sympathy at seeing him once more amongst them. He could assure them that if they were pleased to see him, he was doubly pleased to see them, and was resolved to work with still greater determination and earnestness in the great cause of temperance, than he had ever done before (applause). Time and circumstances bound him still closer to this cause and prepared him, he trusted, with still greater energy of purpose to carry on the work, which was God's work, and which, above all others, would tend most to the elevation of our people (hear, hear). Since he was amongst them last he had roamed, he might say, through many lands; he had seen strange faces, but he had also seen many familiar faces, who welcomed him with delight—not simply boys of the Refuge grown into stalwart and honourable men, but many a poor orphan girl who had had nothing but the streets to face, and many a good man and woman turned out homeless and friendless from the prison walls, whom through the co-operation of friends he had been able to assist across the ocean, and place in a new and wider sphere of action, where there were abundant opportunities for people who desired, by their industry, to gain an honest livelihood, and to succeed in life. Even little children that could only just toddle about—children of four and five years of age who had been saved from the loss of faith and a life of misery—sent their little offerings of cents to help other poor little children from Liverpool to the same happy circumstances in which they now found themselves (cheers). But above all he had seen and visited nearly everyone of those poor people, whom in 1880 he had assisted across the ocean from the wilds of Connemara, where they were in absolute destitution, and suffering all the misery that follows in the train of poverty and abject want. In 1867, from the pulpit of St. Anthony's, and a year later, from the altar of St. Patrick's—on both occasions on St. Patrick's Day—he in clear and unmistakable language, said that he never was an advocate of wholesale emigration either to this country or across the ocean from Ireland; and time and circumstances had not changed his opinion (hear, hear). And to-day he was as much opposed to a system of wholesale emigration as he was in 1867, when his name was used by some of the authorities in a questionable manner—in a manner they had no right to adopt. But in 1880 he saw throughout the length and breadth of the county of Galway what the people were suffering. He had already made his hearers

familiar with the condition of the district of Carna and with the abject poverty of its people, who could find really no subsistence on the land. But the words of the parish priest at the time would perhaps best illustrate the case. He wrote:—"This locality is not fit for human habitation. Not more than one-third of the present population could live, in any sort of comfort on the land. The people here are and always have been, half naked, half starved. The common food now is a mess of Indian meal, eatable seaweed, nettles and dockens boiled together, and they say they cannot get half enough of this. I now send you the names of ten families, numbering—mark the number—in all eighty-seven souls. They are as poor as Job on the dunghill." Of these, continued Father Nugent, there was one family numbering in all eleven. Their condition was, he thought, lower in every way than Job's, for the only resting place or bed of the family was a large square hole dug out of the peat or the turfy sod, and filled with heather. The rags of clothes they wore were their only covering by night and by day. They were eleven souls in all; Father 48; Mother 45; Mary 21; Bridget 19; Nora 15; Maggie 13; and so on downwards. This last month he visited the home of this family in the outskirts of St. Paul, Minnesota, which at present is rented at two dollars a week, and already a stock of timber had been bought to build a new house. It was well stocked; there were three sacks of flour and plenty of potatoes. What struck him most was the quantity of crockery, pans, knives, forks, spoons, and those domestic appliances which showed that the woman of the house supplied good and plentiful meals to the family. She had caught up the idea from her neighbours of having a comfortable and well supplied home for her husband and children. So she could, for she had ample means to do it. Her husband had been in constant work during the whole year, earning 1 dol. 75 cents a day, or 7s. 3½d., or £2 3s. 9d. per week, or £113 15s. per annum. His eldest daughter, Mary, was married and doing well; Bridget, 21, and Nora, 17, were earning 15 dols. each per month, or together £6 5s. and board, making a total of £75 a year; Maggie was earning 10 dols. per month, equal to £2 1s. 8d., or £21 6s. per annum; or altogether, £209 15s. What a contrast!—and this in two years—from want and beggary to a position of comfort, where the whole family could exercise a spirit of self-reliance and self-respect. If they remembered in a lecture he once gave from that platform, illustrated by dissolving views, he took them round the coast,



from Spiddal to Carna, Kilkerrann, Roundstone, into Clifden, and placed before their eyes the sufferings of the people in each of these localities. He would now give them an example of a man from Clifden. He was 50 years of age; his wife was 45; and he had five children. This man was working in Clifden, and often found a difficulty in getting employment. He never earned more than six shillings a week, to support his helpless family of five children, for though he had two boys, one 18, and the other 16, he was unable to obtain work for them in the little town of Clifden. His pitiable condition, with want staring him in the face, drove him to seek relief from that body which is known throughout Connemara as the "Soupers." Since he settled in St. Paul he and his children have never wanted a day's work. He has been in constant work at a dollar and a quarter a day, equal to 5s. 2d., or £1 11s. per week, or £80 12s. a year; his eldest boy, now 20, earns 2½ dols., or 10s. 5d., per day, or £159 5s. per annum; the second, 18, 2 dols., or 8s. 4d. per day, or £130 per annum; the eldest girl, in an hotel, earns 15 dols. per month, with board, or £36 10s. per annum; so that this family, that never in their lives had more than six shillings a week to live upon, are this day earning in the aggregate £409 7s. per annum. His second girl, 13, is learning to be a dressmaker, and the third, 11, is at the convent school (applause). This man had already purchased a lot to build his house upon, for which he had paid 500 dols., or over £100, and 150 dols. for timber, equal to £31 5s. He had arranged for the building of a house, which had to cost 800 dols., or £166. Let them contrast the present condition of that man, and the prospects of his children, with what they were on the 9th of June, 1880, when he (Father Nugent) took him by the hand, the night before they sailed from Galway. In an abject, penniless condition, this man and his wife dogged his steps through the streets, begging of him for the love of God to give them a couple of shillings to buy a pair of shoes for their barefooted little girl, who was now attending the convent school in St. Paul, and as well dressed and with as comfortable an appearance as the first merchant's child in the town of Galway (loud applause). Proceeding, Father Nugent said: And if I, as a priest, saw this family in such an abject condition, where is my humanity if I did not assist them? Of what avail to me are the words of that God Who says: "Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, harbour the harbourless?" Four times during the last four years have I journeyed across the ocean to see these lands and those who have gone to them;

and I think that most men who know me in Liverpool, if they have the honesty to confess it, know that I am a practical man; that I am no dreamer; that I know the value of a sixpence; but that still I am a priest, and have ever shown myself to be a minister of religion. No one can ever point the finger at me and say that I have ever disgraced the cloth that I wear, or that I have ever been wanting in showing to our down-trodden and suffering people, not simply sympathy from the lips, but the warm affection of the heart. Have I not made myself a beggar in their service? (loud and prolonged applause). Ladies and gentlemen, I want simply to state facts. I am not here for the purpose of defending my own character; my character, I trust, wants no defence, either from myself or from any other man. A man who has tried to do good, and to benefit his fellow-creatures, may get plenty of praise, but he is not worthy of the character of a man or a minister of religion if he is not prepared to accept blame even from good and well-intentioned people (applause). He could, he said, give them a dozen examples of the improvement that had been effected in the condition of these Connemara emigrants whom he had sent out. However, let him give them one more out of that group. This was the case of a man with ten children, the four eldest being daughters. Two of the girls had, from the first day that Bishop Ireland put them into an hotel, been earning 14 dols. per month; two others were earning 12 dols. per month, making together £10 16s. 8d. per month, or £129 19s. per annum, equal to an average of £32 9s. 6d. a year with board and lodging. This man had been able to take contracts for road-making, digging foundations, wall-building, and such like. He had now a house and lot worth 1,200 dols., or £250. He sent for his son last year; this son was a sort of mason, and had already paid 500 dols., or over £100, for a lot to build a house upon. Continuing, the Rev. president said: But let me give you a case that comes nearer home—one from our own doors. There has been a system of emigration going on for many years, which I look upon, and have always denounced, as most fatal and ruinous to the Irish race; destructive alike of faith and virtue—that is, emigration to the large and overcrowded towns of England. We have in every town in the North of England more people than can possibly find work. What proportion of the labouring classes in this town have constant work for six days in the week? There are hundreds, yea, thousands of men along the line of docks who do not get, on an average, four days work a week all the year round. But it is not men



with their families that I refer to, but to the condition of Irish girls landing friendless and unprotected, in such a town as this. I have known during the last eighteen months of a case where 17 girls landed from the same town in Ireland, having had their passage paid by some good persons, and five shillings given them in their pockets; they were commended to no person, but depended upon chance. What dangers, what temptations, must they not have been exposed to! These simple, inexperienced girls imagined that they had only to land in Liverpool and they could at once walk into a situation. A number of this group, in absolute want, without a friend or a shelter, stood around my door one morning to tell their tale of woe, and the still more sorrowful fate of some of their companions. Several girls who landed in this town without a farthing in their pockets, all their wardrobe being tied up in a little pocket-handkerchief, are now in situations in the Western States beyond St. Paul, earning 15 or 20 dollars a month, or £37 10s. and £48 a year. Girls that have been rescued from imminent danger, or a life of vice and misery on the streets of this town, who are well and comfortably married, and instead of roaming along our thoroughfares without a dress on their backs or a bonnet on their heads, are as elegantly dressed as ladies could well be—one especially from Marybone, with a mantle which cost between six and seven guineas, and a husband by her side that any woman listening to me might be proud of. There are a class of girls in Liverpool whom I have more than once referred to from this platform—dressmakers, workers in the large cloak and mantle rooms, shirtmakers, assistants in the large drapery establishments. They are a class that work hard and are very badly paid; they have long hours, bad air, and very scanty food. How must a girl fare who has only six, eight, ten, or twelve shillings per week, to pay her lodging and clothe herself with? Oh, the struggles these girls must make against temptation! Some few months ago, in June, a fine intelligent Irish girl came to me and told me her sad story. She was the daughter of a once well-to-do Irish farmer; her father and mother were both dead; she had learned the dressmaking, and came friendless to Liverpool to ply her trade. After considerable difficulty she got into one of our large establishments, in a busy thoroughfare in this town, at 12s. per week. But she was obliged to lodge with the forewoman, to whom she paid eight shillings per week for lodging and washing. She had four shillings a week left to feed and clothe herself. What a struggle for a virtuous girl for existence! Ah, and what a

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struggle for a fine, elegant, and well-spoken girl, to withstand the many snares that beset her, as she often hungered for bread, and felt the nipping cold winter wind, as she went home so thinly clad. I lent that girl money, amounting to about £10, to buy herself clothes, and provided her with an ocean and a railway ticket to a city in America. She found her way to relatives who are in affluence, who received her with open arras, and she is now in a situation where she is earning as a beginning £2 per week, and is at the same time surrounded by friends who hold the very first place in a western city. Only imagine the delight of that girl when I called upon her, and with what sincere pride did she introduce me to her rich and well-to-do relatives. Oh, if a man has had the consolation it has been my lot to feel in almost every city I have travelled through, he may bear any amount of misrepresentation—or real opposition. I have had to bear misrepresentation; but, before God, I have the consciousness of knowing that during the last twelve years I have rescued hundreds from the danger of a life of crime and degradation (cheers). I appeal to you, then, and I ask,—Is there any man or woman listening to me that disapproves of such emigration? (“No”). Not only stretching out a hand to save a young and innocent girl from the temptations which are inseparable from shop life, with long hours, scant food, and bad pay, but placing her in the midst of relatives, where she is in comparative affluence, and with opportunities of succeeding in life which she could never hope for in this town of Liverpool (applause). Ladies and gentlemen, I have sufficiently occupied your time already, but I feel that whilst I have been giving you a little outline of some of the cases that I have come in contact with, and of persons that I have known in far different circumstances, you would like to know something more of that western country, and that you and your children should know about, instead of wasting your lives in this city, where there is little bread for yourselves and few opportunities for your children. I may have on some future occasion the opportunity of speaking to you freely and openly, and from the heart, not simply as your friend and guide, but speaking to you as your father, and as one who has your best interests at heart (applause). There are a number of the members of the League Veterans here to-night; and to them I would say it was a pleasure to me, when I addressed a large mixed audience of the Citizens’ League of St. Paul and Minneapolis, in St. Paul, and also when Mr. A. M. Sullivan—(applause)—gave an address on temperance, to see the Cross of the League figuring not simply

in men's button-holes, but on the breasts of several women. The League of the Cross is planted over there, and our men are doing well. They have not only built their own little home in St. Paul, but have purchased one out in Graceville, where they intend trying their fortune on land in a more enlarged way than they have opportunities for in the city. Some of you have no doubt heard a great deal about Manitoba, and probably you would like to know a little more about it. I made my way to the North-West, whither there is now such a tide of immigration, not simply from Europe, but from every part of Canada. I found Winnipeg a vast and thriving city. All was bustle and activity; there was scarcely any passing on the side-walks; the price of land had run up to fabulous sums. I was walking along, when a man in his shirt-sleeves ran out, shouting, "Hello! Father Nugent; is that you?" I said, "Pray, sir, who are you?" He said, "My name is \_\_\_\_\_," and I immediately recognized him as a person from this neighbourhood. We got chatting, and he told me that he and his children were doing right well. He said, "Father Nugent, do you see that bit of land here?" "Yes." "It belongs to an English blacksmith; it is only forty feet frontage. He has been here only a few years. How much do you think he wants for it? Well, he won't take less than forty thousand dollars for it." "Forty thousand dollars! A thousand dollars a foot! Why, that's £200 a foot. Why, that is dearer than the land in the best part of Castle-street, in Liverpool." I wish some of my friends who are now listening to me had gone out four years ago, when I advised them. With their spirit and enterprise they would have been rich men before this. The official report of the crops in Manitoba says that all crops are good in the North-West. The average yield of wheat is 32 bushels to the acre; the largest yield is 104 bushels to two acres; oats average 44 bushels; barley, 35 bushels; roots, from 250 to 500 bushels; peas, 25 bushels; the average yield of potatoes is 274 bushels to the acre, the largest yield reported being 400 bushels raised on half an acre of sod of first breaking. The hay crop is heavy. This report is copied from the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, Oct. 14. But this evening I received a letter from the Archbishop of St. Boniface, whose guest I was whilst in Manitoba. He has spent nearly the whole of his life in Manitoba, and, I should say, there is no living man that has travelled over more of the country than he has, or who knows it better. And knowing the interest I take in the subject, having spoken to him on the matter, I received this letter from him this evening:—

St. Boniface, Manitoba, 25th Oct., 1882.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER NUGENT,—I take the liberty to address you the following remarks with regard to a certain pamphlet which has been published in the United States, and is, I am told, largely circulated in England. You take an interest in directing emigration towards Manitoba, and, as the publication I allude to is of a nature to debar your generous efforts, you may like to know my views on the matter. The pamphlet says: "The climate of Manitoba consists of seven months of Arctic winter and five months of cold weather." This I could understand from a man inhabiting the torrid zone, but I confess it is perfectly unintelligible when written in, and to praise, the Dakota Territory, United States. Here in Manitoba, as well as in Dakota, the winter is pretty severe, but our summer, on the contrary, is very warm; so much so, that Europeans have repeatedly stated that they find it hotter than in the British Islands. For my part, after thirty-seven years of experience, I find the season more pleasant in Manitoba than in any other country I have seen. Your personal experience of our climate is, unhappily, limited to two short visits to Manitoba, but you have seen with your own eyes the magnificent products of our rich soil, and you are surely satisfied, as I am, that such a result could not be obtained if we had no summer. The writer of the pamphlet, who endeavours to depreciate Manitoba, seems to be no better acquainted with our geographical position than with our climate when he says: "Rivers which flow west, eastward tributaries to this Red River, all rise in the Rocky Mountains." The fact is that there is no connection whatever between our Red River and any stream flowing from the Rocky Mountains. So the graphic description given of floods originating in the Rocky Mountains, "which annually desolate Manitoba, and keep the people who have been coaxed into it, anxious, poor, and sick," has no application here. Everyone who has visited our country knows that anxiety, poverty, and sickness are not the characteristics of our population. Although our Red River does not flow from the Rocky Mountains, still its rise has sometimes caused damage, but nothing beyond what we hear from countries the least afflicted in that respect. The records of this country mention three overflows of the Red River. The first in 1826, the second in 1852, and the third in 1861. But to complete the information I may add that the same Red River has flooded oftener at some points where it divides the State of Minnesota from Dakota Territory, and at such points I know of three floods against one near Winnipeg. We are told in the same pamphlet that in the spring—and it gives to understand every spring—"the ice dams at and around Winnipeg are a vast obstruction like a mountain barrier. The water sets back and covers all the surrounding country." This is merely a fiction. The oldest resident of Manitoba never saw nor heard of anything of the like. If we can trust—and I am sure we can—the newspapers published in the portion of Dakota traversed by the Missouri, describing the flood there in 1881, it is evident that the pamphlet gives a just idea of the disasters caused by a mighty river which, as well as many of its "tributaries, rises in the Rocky Mountains." The sole error of the pamphleteer on this point lies in the fact that such a river is to be found in Dakota Territory, and not in Manitoba. May God guard us against such an awful visitation. Dear Father, you know what I told you when I had the pleasure of your visit, and you will easily understand that my object is not to depreciate the advantages offered by the Dakota Territory, but merely to repudiate inaccurate statements referring to Manitoba and the Canadian North-West. Kind Providence has done

for this part of the Canadian possessions at least as much as for the neighbouring State and Territories. So I will surprise nobody who knows the country in stating that our co-British subjects who are willing to emigrate from their native land ought to prefer coming to Manitoba and the Canadian North-West.—I remain, with deep respect and esteem, Reverend and Dear Father, faithfully yours,

✠ ALEXANDER, Archbishop of St. Boniface.

I am sure, ladies and gentlemen, you will forgive me for having occupied so much of your time; and while I have expressed my own views so freely on this subject of such deep interest, I may further add that if I can give you privately any advice or assistance in my power, I will willingly do so. I only wish I had £1,000 or £2,000—I would at once help out of this city 500 or 1,000 girls, and put them in a position in Canada where they could not only really show their womanhood and their Christianity, but where they would be an honour to their race and the creed which they profess (loud cheers).

(*From the Stockport "Advertiser" of Nov. 17th, 1882.*)

#### LECTURE BY DR. MACGREGOR.

On Monday night Dr. Macgregor addressed a crowded audience in the large room of the school on "Through Canada and the Great North-West, with the Marquis of Lorne." The chair was occupied by the Mayor (Mr. James Leigh).

Dr. Macgregor, who was received with hearty applause, said that a year last June, when sitting at Lambeth with the Venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, he got a cablegram from His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, "Are you coming?" It did not take him long to consider the answer which he should give to the message, and that answer was the word "Yes." He must admit that he had an idea of what the "Are you coming?" meant. The journey he performed with the Marquis of Lorne and others by railroad and water was no less than a journey of 8,054 miles, and truly it was an interesting journey. While sitting recently at the residence of the Mayor, with Mr. Shaw, the American Consul at Manchester, they were talking about Canada, and Mr. Shaw took the opportunity to remark that one day or other Canada would be annexed to the United States. He at once said that he did not believe it; and supposing that it ever came to pass, the position would be reversed—the United States would have to be annexed to Canada—which was much bigger than the United States. But this was all by the way. He would now come to the lecture, and how should he begin? He might commence with the voyage from Liverpool to



Quebec, in that magnificent line of steamers—the Allan ;—or he might start with Quebec, French in look, French in language, and French in smell ;—or he might begin at Nova Scotia. For his purpose that night he would start at Nova Scotia, and, as he intended the address to be of a practical and useful character, he should not aim at anything of a specially descriptive character. Dr. Macgregor then dwelt on the beauty of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, remarking incidentally that one of the great objects of His Excellency the Governor-General was to see with his own eyes what the Great North-West really was. In this journey they sailed over the great inland seas, and sometimes had an Indian Bow Wow, composed of 3,000 persons. He should speak of the land as a place for emigration, and as offering advantages to the hard-working man. Throughout the journey tea was the chief drink. Tea morning, afternoon, and evening ; in fact, they drank oceans of tea. Dr. Macgregor referred in graphic language to the incidents of a three days' sail in Indian canoes over the Central Lakes, and the arrival of the party at Winnipeg, the young capital of Manitoba. The portion of the journey then traversed was 2,500 miles, and yet, in a sense, they were only at the commencement. He had been asked by a lady what struck him most in his Canadian tour, and the answer he made was that so splendid and so fertile a country should have remained so long unknown to the world. That stuck in his gizzard all the while he was travelling in the country. They were, however, not going to abuse the old maxim, *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. If another lady had asked him what was the next thing he was struck with in that journey, he should have answered the magnificent distances. For 2,500 miles from one point to near Winnipeg it was everlasting forest, and then 1,000 miles of everlasting grass, and then for 400 miles, on to the Pacific Ocean, it was everlasting hills. Dwelling on the water system, he said that when certain water-ways were constructed, steamers would be able to leave Liverpool and sail right on without breaking bulk, to Lake Superior and the very heart of the American Continent. Here was Winnipeg, a place that was a desert a few years ago, which in this blessed year of 1882 had unbroken steam communication of 1,500 miles. They could sail from Winnipeg to the heart of the Continent for 1,500 miles. Such was a little of the water communication of Canada. In alluding to the soil, climate, and general character of the North-West Territory, he said that it seemed certain that at no distant day a greater portion of the district would be the granary of the



world, and the future home of many of the human race. Manitoba had 2,500,000 square miles, and 200,000,000 acres of fertile land. If there were any farmers present, that statement would have special interest for them. As an idea of the magnificent distances, he might mention that on one occasion he saw a driver of a team starting on a journey, and on being asked how long it would take, he replied, "Oh, three or four months." Of the amazing fertility of Manitoba, and the country to the west, there was no more doubt than it could be doubted that he was addressing a Stockport audience; and as an instance of how the population was fast settling in that region, he might mention that recently he had received a letter from His Excellency the Governor-General of Canada, stating that since the visit of which he now spoke had been made, over 80,000 people had settled there. It was worth notice that the first settlers were Canadians, of whom there had been a rush to Manitoba, and there was not one of them who had expressed, so far as he could tell, his regret at having left Ontario for the measureless meadows of Manitoba. On the contrary, considerable satisfaction was expressed at the change they had made, and loud were their praises of the land and its fertility. Here the lecturer read some extracts from letters contributed to the *Scotsman* of the general character of the district, and then went on to remark that the thought which struck him on visiting the spot was, why should not this land be known, vowing that if God spared him, he would let it be known wherever his voice could be heard. Why should the poor farmer be ground down in this country with his wretched soil, when he could better his position by sailing for the great North-West? There was nothing between them but a little strip of water, and he pooh-poohed the idea that there was any great danger in crossing the Atlantic. As for himself, when he arrived at Liverpool from Canada, he really wished that he could go back again. After quoting from *Harper's Magazine* and the *Scotsman*, statistics showing the enormous yield of wheat, barley, oats, potatoes, &c., per acre, as compared with the yield of other soils, he said that there was no doubt that the amazing fertility of the North-West was due to the fact of the frost penetrating to such great depth. As to the soil itself, it was a black stuff, and when wet was heavy, and something like tar. Another item for farmers. In Winnipeg he had seen a field on which wheat had been grown without manure for 50 years. There was no manure put near it; it was lying in the roads. Perhaps it was only fair to add that it was allowed to lie fallow every seven years, but still

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the fact remained that for 50 years no manure had been used. As to the climate, perhaps the impressions and the experiences of a traveller like himself were of little value. He was in the country at the best season of the year, and in the most favourable circumstances, of course. But allow him to say that never since he came into this planet, and he had travelled a great deal, had he enjoyed so long an unbroken period of glorious weather as he did in the North-West. He had never experienced such delightful weather. Of the winter he knew nothing, and there was no doubt that it was very severe. There must be no blinking that fact; on the other hand, the evidence of some of the settlers was that they preferred the winter climate of Manitoba to the winter climate of Ontario. It was the health of the people that they had to look at, and the evidence on this point was that the climate was particularly suited to the Anglo-Saxon race. There was no doubt of the fact that the climate generally of Canada was more suited to Anglo-Saxon constitution than any other. They did not get that dry herring look of the Yankee. The men and women were red, fat, and rosy, just as they were in Stockport, and that was saying a great deal. When he saw a thorough American he always thought that there was a tendency to resume the Red Indian type. (Laughter and applause.) But to come to the practical point of the address, the real question was, how was the poor man to get to this favoured land? The question was a very serious one, and in speaking to them that night, he was not doing so as the agent for the Dominion, or on behalf of any emigration society, from whom he would perhaps get more kicks than halfpence; his sole desire was to point others to that which he had seen with his own eyes. Any man or woman could go from Liverpool to Winnipeg, at the present time, at from £9 6s. to £10 6s., and he would here distinctly say that those who have not pluck, and who were not prepared to stand the hardships—and there were hardships at the outset—had better stay at home. He did not undertake to advise anyone to go out—he was not prepared to take the responsibilities of any advice tendered on the matter. In all the applications made to him he generally said, "Please yourself; what I say is this—I have seen the land, and it is there for nothing; rich soil is there, and the man who is to sow it will make a rich harvest." That really was all he said; he wished every man to do the best for himself. The best classes to go out were the young, and those in the prime of life, who had been used to agriculture. Female domestic servants were much in demand, and he saw that

there was a company started in Manitoba to protect females going out. In a short time a complete survey would be made, and that would be of immense advantage to settlers. Instances of the laying out of townships were illustrated by the lecturer by maps. Manitoba, he said, boasted a school system as good as Ontario, which boasted that it beat the world—(laughter)—so that the future settlers need have no fear for the education of their children. The largest owner of land was the Government. Every head of a family, male or female, could obtain a free grant of a quarter section, and thus become the owner of 160 acres, and all that at the cost of the registration fee—about £2. Anyone getting these 160 acres had the first chance of the next section, for which he paid 8s. or 10s. an acre, according to the position of it, and the sum in question was to be paid at the end of three years from the day of entry. He thought he had kept the audience quite long enough, with the facts he had given them. There was only one other thing, and it was this—there were many people in the country who were precluded from taking advantage of the opportunities afforded, because they were unable to pay the money for emigration. What the land needed was sober and industrious heads of households; and he well knew that the home and the association of people often prevented many from taking the journey they otherwise would do. What he would do, would be to get people to go from certain districts here to certain districts there, and in this way they could keep up the old home conditions and associations. That could only be done by colonizing companies, and they would benefit old England and Canada as well. (Applause.)

The Chairman said that he was sure that they had all enjoyed the lecture, and their thanks were due to Mr. Bayley and Mr. Peter Walker for getting the lecturer down to Stockport. He must say that the lecture had been very tantalising to him. (Laughter.) Dr. Macgregor had painted a glorious picture, and had given them visions of beauty which they would dream about. Still it would be only a dream, and on the morrow they would have again to turn to the stern realities of the life they were tied to in Stockport. They were trying to make the town more prosperous in the future than it had been in the past, and looking at the matter in that sense, he did not know whether Dr. Macgregor had come there as a friend or foe. (Laughter.) He did not know whether or not Dr. Macgregor had some grand scheme by which he would take them all over to this beautiful place, but if he had,

perhaps he would pay them a visit again and develop the scheme. (Laughter.)

Mr. Bayley said that after the lecture they had heard that night, and the very able service rendered to the town, he was sure that the audience would pass a hearty vote of thanks to Dr. Macgregor. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. W. Leigh, in seconding the resolution, said that they were not all farmers and domestic servants, but he hoped that the beautiful picture which had been drawn would not have the effect of emptying the town so much dreaded by the Mayor. (Laughter.)

Mr. Heginbotham could not approve of all said by the lecturer. It might suit the young to go to Canada, which he believed was one of the finest climates in the world; but he thought that it would hardly suit them on that platform to go across the ocean and enjoy the beautiful things which the doctor had foreshadowed. (Hear, hear.)

The resolution was passed with hearty acclamation.

Dr. Macgregor, in replying to the vote, said that he was exceedingly indebted to the Mayor and the other gentlemen there for taking part in the vote of thanks, and to the ladies and gentlemen of the audience for so heartily according them. If they thought that he had been blowing the trumpet of Canada loudly, he could only say that when he got back to Edinburgh he should blow the trumpet of Stockport just as loudly. (Hear, hear.) He had only one grievance—gentlemen on the platform seemed to indicate that he was trying to coax those on the platform to go out to Canada. Now, if they had been listening as attentively as the audience, they would have found that they were just the class he advised to stay at home. (Roars of laughter.)

The Chairman: Dr. Macgregor has got out of the scrape with the usual adroitness of a Scotchman. (Laughter.)

The lecture, which was delivered in a telling, pleasing style, proved most entertaining, as well as interesting, and was listened to with close attention.

From the *FREEMAN'S JOURNAL*, Dublin, 7th June, 1882.

## THE QUESTION OF EMIGRATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "FREEMAN."

DUBLIN, June 5th.

MR. EDITOR,—I am interrogated on all sides concerning Canada by persons wishing to emigrate. I would feel much obliged and relieved if you would kindly publish in your excellent journal my answer to all.

I. I would not undertake to advise anyone to leave Ireland who could live in it in moderate comfort, except, indeed, parents having large families, who see nothing in the future for their children but poverty or emigration individually.

II. The Catholic Church in Canada is in a very prosperous condition. Priests and Churches are to be found everywhere throughout the country, and Catholic education is on a better footing than in the United States, where Catholics are obliged to support by their taxes the common or irreligious schools, as also to keep up their own at great expense.

In Canada this is not the case. Catholic taxes go to Catholic schools, wherever Catholics are numerous enough to establish them, and Catholics also receive for their schools the *per capita* bonus from the general fund.

The Government is Home Rule, such as the Government and Parliament of Canada, in its recent address to the Queen, desired should be granted to Ireland. The address assured her Majesty that the Irish in Canada were amongst the most prosperous and loyal in the country. In our mind, Canada is the freest and best governed country in the world, and the people are happy.

The climate of Upper Canada, or Ontario (the English-speaking portion), is temperate. It is the same as the northern portion of the State of New York. The everlasting snow of Canada is a myth. Toronto is on the meridian of Florence, in Italy, and resembles its heat in summer, but the winter, with the exception of a few days occasionally, is not colder than in Ireland.

The soil is very fertile, almost as fertile for wheat, potatoes, and other vegetables as Ireland, and excellent for raising cattle.

The wages for farm hands are as good as in the United States. Wages for mechanics generally not so good, except in Manitoba, where wages are enormous; but living is cheaper in Canada than in the United States.

The lands in Ontario are mostly taken up by old settlers, who are selling out their improvements to new comers at a fair price.

The lands in Manitoba and the North-West—an unlimited territory formerly occupied by the Hudson Bay Company—are thrown on the market for homesteads and for sale.

The Government has reserved a large portion of land for homesteads—of 160 acres—for actual settlers, who pay only a few dollars for surveying fees.

The climate of Manitoba and the North-West is very cold in the winter, but the people are well prepared for it. Besides, the air, being free from moisture, is not so penetrating as in



Ireland, where the pores of the body are kept open by the humid atmosphere. The soil is, in most places, exceptionally fertile. I have travelled through the country, and was astonished at the size of the potatoes and vegetables. The winter is long, but the vegetation is very rapid, and the crops ripen comparatively soon. The country is filling up very rapidly with inhabitants, many of whom sold out in Ontario, to have homesteads for their children. I have found Irish everywhere and prospering. The Government of Canada is also selling its lands to companies who are placing settlers on them, who in years to come repay the companies for any advances of cash made to them for building houses, tilling a small portion of land to help the new settler to commence, and advancing provisions till the new crop should enable the farmer and his family to live. The Canadian Government very kindly gave a certain number of townships for emigration purposes to a company, of which the Most Rev. Dr. Tache, Archbishop in the North-West, myself, and a few others are directors. These lands are situated in the North-West, and are very fertile, but the company is not yet prepared to make advances in cash. The Government of Canada gives to persons who wish to emigrate to Canada, and remain there, a large advance on the passage-money.—Thanking you, Mr. Editor, in advance,—I am, yours very faithfully,

✦ JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,

Archbishop of Toronto.

### EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

Extract from the *DAILY EXPRESS*, Dublin, Oct. 20, 1882.

The fact that emigration must play an important part in the solution of what is called the Irish question, is every day becoming more evident. The inducements to emigrate are very strong. New and practically unlimited fields of enterprise are open to those who have the strength and the will to labour. How attractive it is may be inferred from such reports as that of Mr. Bryan, the Master's clerk, which was read at the meeting of guardians of the South Dublin Union yesterday. Mr. Bryan was commissioned by the Board to accompany a party of 50 male emigrants from the Union to Canada, and he gives a detailed account of his journey and experience which will be read with deep interest. He left Dublin on the 30th August, and after a voyage in the Allan mail steamer *Sarmatian*, from Liverpool to Quebec, which was accomplished in  $9\frac{1}{2}$  days, he met on landing Mr. Stafford, the Canadian Government agent, who gave him the welcome



tidings that there was a great demand for labour. This was no idle boast or visionary promise, but a simple fact, of which the most satisfactory proof was soon afforded. There were two men competing for the benefit of the immigrants' services. One man wanted two hundred hands, and the other as many as he could get, and the competition between them was so keen that it ultimately assumed the form of a "free fight," as Mr. Bryan says. The party engaged with one of the two upon terms which would hardly be thought credible in Ireland, one of the two employers hiring them at 5s. 8d. a day for twelve months, with a forfeit of 100 dollars if they had not work for that time, while his rival outbid him, and induced the immigrants to violate their bargains. It was something new for the labourers to find themselves invested with so much importance and the object of jealous competition. Mr. Bryan seems to have caught the spirit of the scene, and describes it with evident relish; while he speaks of going with the party a distance of over 400 miles to their future field of labour with as much *sang-froid* as if he had only taken a seat into the city in a tramcar. He thinks it unnecessary to give the emigrants 10s. each any longer, as they are sure to find immediate employment; and his impartial testimony as to the prospects of the emigrants is that, from his own observation and the information he has received from persons with whom he came in contact, "the country is admirably adapted, and offers great inducements for the emigration of young men of the labouring class and women and domestic servants." With such reliable evidence as this, can any doubt be entertained as to the duty of the guardians, both to the ratepayers and to the poor inmates, to take advantage of the opportunity for raising them in the social scale and reducing the taxation of the city?

*The following letters, addressed to Mr. T. Connolly, of Dublin, are also taken from the Dublin DAILY EXPRESS of Nov. the 1st and 6th.*

BRANDON, Manitoba, October 11th, 1882.

DEAR SIR,—I desire to inform you that I have located on a farm of 640 acres,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles south of Brandon, 400 acres of which I have had under cultivation this season. I arrived at the town site of Brandon on the 28th of May, 1881, and commenced to break my land on the 5th of June, doing the most part of the work by contract, paying 4 dols. per acre for breaking, and 3 dols. 50c. for back-setting. This, as you know, left it ready for the harrow. I sowed 350 acres of oats,

20 acres of wheat—the balance in roots and other crops. I commenced to sow on the 5th of May, and commenced to cut my wheat on the 26th of August, going on until the whole of my wheat and oats were cut—this season being late, as you see from the time I commenced to sow and cut. Seeding time usually begins about the 10th of April, and harvest from the 1st to the 19th of August. I have to now thrashed about 14,000 bushels of oats and find the yield 58 bushels per acre. The wheat will yield 30 bushels per acre. These are actual figures and not got up. Oats sell very readily at 50 cents per bushel. You can see from this that I will have my entire expenditure returned, with 100 per cent., by the first crop, so that I am not farming for fun, but to make money, and I think I am succeeding. There is no difficulty in a man farming here if he has ordinary energy and intelligence. A good stock of the former is even better, in my opinion, than an overstock of capital. Many young men from towns and cities that have come out this season with a little money appear anxious to learn farming, as they call it, and give some of our cunning ones from 400 dols. to 600 dols. and their labour for one year to teach them nothing, as you know already. Any of the above classes that have come to me I have advised to go on to their land and work, and if they had no confidence in themselves, to go and hire for moderate wages for a year with some good farmer, and keep their money. Now as to the price of labour: it was pretty high when you were here, but it is higher now. When I commenced seeding I hired my men at 26 dols. and board per month for the season, excepting the harvest month, for which I paid them thirty dollars each. Extra men for the harvest I paid two dollars per day with board. The men that I have now at work thrashing I am paying 2 dols. 50c. and board. This of itself will explain to you the demand for labour. My root crop is still in the ground for want of labour, notwithstanding the above high rates. The labourers on the Canadian Pacific Railroad work get 2 dols. 25c. and even higher. There is a good deal of work done on the streets of Brandon, at which labourers are getting 2 dols. 50c. to 2 dols. 75c., and their board only costs them from 4 dols. 50c. to 5 dols. 50c. a week. Carpenters are getting from 3 dols. to 4 dols. a day, and you have to take off your hat to get them at that. You cannot imagine the hurry and bustle there is in this country compared to what there had been when you were here. We have the country beyond a doubt; all we want is a good class of emigrants; we cannot have an over stock of farmers, farm labourers, and mechanics.

Yours truly, CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

TROY, North-West Territory. Canada,  
October 15th, 1882.

DEAR SIR,—When leaving Dublin I promised to write to you, so I now propose giving you an account of myself since I left the "Old Sod," which I think is the best way to describe my progress. I arrived in Winnipeg, July, 1881, with only one sovereign in my possession, and immediately went to Mr. Hespler, the Canadian Government Agent, whom I found a very nice man indeed. He sent me out 50 miles from Winnipeg, to a farm, where I buckled to work. After being there a short time I started for the North-West Territory with a party of four, when, after travelling twenty-six days, we settled down here. At that time, September, 1881, there was not a soul nearer than Qu' Appelle—just twenty miles; at the present time the land is taken up for miles and miles around us. It is really marvellous the rapidity with which the Canadian Pacific Railway is being built—nearly four miles a day. It passes beside where I live, and the journey that took us twenty-six days last fall can now be accomplished in twelve hours. I have a quarter of a section of land (160 acres) within half-a-mile of the railroad, and I have a house built upon it and some ploughing done. Of course the first year one cannot expect to have much, but next year I hope to have a good crop. If I had some capital I should have had a fine crop this year, but I have been obliged to work out for some time. However, I have not been idle, as you will see from the enclosed advertisement. I own an hotel in the town, and I am now my own master. I will be able to hire a man next year, when I hope to have good crops and a new house built on my land. The soil is all that can be desired for farming, and some of the crops that I have seen up here far excel any that I have ever seen before; one crop of oats I saw in the Qu' Appelle Valley was really a picture to look at; in fact, all grain crops ripen well, and vegetables grow in the greatest abundance. I am really very happy out here; I assure you I would not take £500 a year and go back to work in an office in Dublin. The climate is really splendid; of course it is a little severe in winter, but the atmosphere is clear and bracing, and on the whole, I am really delighted with the change I have made. I want one thing more now, that is a wife, and I am determined to have one soon; I think I have lived alone long enough, and that it is time I settled down now. In a few years I hope to be able to take a trip for pleasure to the "old country." At present there is not much inducement to visit poor Ireland. I wonder more do

not emigrate when such chances are before them out here. No person can be much worse off than I was when I landed in Winnipeg, so it clearly shows that something can be done without capital. If you know any people coming this way you might give them a letter to me, and I will give them all the information in my power.

This will be a large town, and the lumber has just arrived for an emigrant depôt, which is to be built at once. No doubt you will have plenty of people coming up here next spring. Let them ask for me, I am pretty well known, as I am the oldest settler in the place.

Yours very truly, A. W. STUDDERT.

(COPY.)

KENNILUK, ARDEN P. O.,  
Frontenac, Co. Ontario,

MR. H. BATE, Stoke-on-Trent. September 21st, 1882.

DEAR SIR,—As I promised to write to you I must fulfil my promise. I arrived at Point Levi, Quebec, and had not been landed ten minutes before I got work at 2 dols. per day and a pass up to my work. We could do with 200 men now at one firm, and about two miles from here there are about 400 men wanted, and 150 at another place near to. Men have not got to ask for work here, they are jolly soon asked if they want work. Where I am it is a beautiful country, we can go out on the lakes and fish, or go out hunting where we like without trespassing. There's any quantity of deer, and you can shoot as many as you like. I should like to say more, but my time is precious, having so many to write to.

If you have anyone coming out send them here. By applying to the Government Emigration Officer, at Quebec, he will send them up to Kingston, which is about fifty miles from here. The "Polynesian" (Allan Line) is a good boat; we had it rough for a few days, the remainder of the voyage was very pleasant.

I must say good-bye. With kind regards,

Yours truly,

(Signed) J. TAYLOR PASSWOOD.

*From the OXFORD TIMES, Saturday, November 18th, 1882.*

AN OXFORD MAN IN WESTERN CANADA.

*We have received the following letter from Mr. Hoare, who sailed from Oxford for America in the Allan Line Royal Mail Steamer "Polynesian," in July last.*

TRENTON, Ontario, Canada West.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Being a native of Oxford, will you kindly allow me a small space in your columns, thinking it may be of some good to other intending emigrants, knowing that work is very scarce in Oxford, and there are many that would come to Canada only for the want of knowing if reports are correct. I will give you a little account of what I have found and experienced about it during the short time I have been here. Firstly, there is plenty of work and good wages; I can earn, as a labourer in a saw mill, from nine to ten dollars per week, £2 in English money. We can live cheaper—meat, the best, from nine to ten cents per pound (4½d. to 5d.). Clothing about the same as at home; any careful man can save from five dollars a week, and live well. The people are very sociable; wherever we have been we have met with kindness.

The climate has been very warm, but we are beginning to feel a little of the winter coming on now. Labourers are about the principal men wanted out here. When we came we sailed by the Allan Line Royal Mail Steamer "Polynesian," and we found everything as comfortable as one could possibly expect on board ship. Any emigrants who think of coming, I should advise to travel by that line. One word more; all emigrants who intend coming must make up their minds to work if they wish to get on, as money is not to be picked up, as some people suppose. There are good wages, but people must make up their minds to work for them.

Yours truly,

WM. H. HOARE,

October 25th.

Late of 81, Great Clarendon Street.

*From the YORKSHIRE POST of December 1st, 1882.*

Mr. Jaques, of Thirsk, sends for publication the following letter, which he has received from an emigrant in Canada:—

Dear Sir,—You will almost think I have forgotten you, but it is not the case. I wanted to be well settled down before I wrote to you. Well, we were kindly treated by the railway companies' servants, and on arriving at Liverpool we were met by the agent of the Allan Line, who kindly entertained us with all we needed, and saw us safely down to the dock for a moderate charge. I am glad to say that I and my family got well over the sea voyage. We had very little sea sickness. I was only sick half a day. My wife bore the



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voyage first-class; many people said she would never get over it; she was only delicate, but it has done her good. We were kindly treated on board the Sarmatian. We had plenty of good beef and plum pudding. It is a splendid ship. I felt as safe in her as though I had been at home. Nobody need be afraid of going a voyage with the Allan steamers, at least I think so. On arriving at Quebec I gave Mr. Stafford the note you gave me, and he kindly sent us on to Ingersoll. On arriving there I had a chance of several places. I got engaged to a farmer for a year at 18 dollars a month, an eight-roomed brick house to live in, with a grand orchard attached. A cow was also found me, and all my fuel was found free. I think I have done well. I should never have got it in England. And then living is so cheap in Ontario—beef from 3d. to 5d. per lb., eggs 24 for 1/-, and they say they are dear now; butter 10d. per lb., a beast heart for 6d., a fat goose for 4/-, and furniture half the price it is in England. I like the country very well. So far we are all in very good health. I believe this is a good country for a working man. A farmer has double chance here to what he has in England. We have some first-class land, and light taxes and free schools. This is a good thing for a labourer with a large family. There is plenty of room in Canada for all good labourers who have a mind to come out. Those who are afraid of work had better stay where they are, but a man can be paid for his labour here. I shall, all being well, write to you again early in the spring. I am much obliged to you for all your kindness to me.—Wishing you and your family well, I remain, yours truly,

HENRY TOMLINSON.

Ingersoll P. O., Ontario, Canada, late of Seaton,

Sigglesthorne, near Hull, Yorkshire.

P.S.—Many of our fellow-passengers got engaged at 25/- a week and their meat, for public works.


The **ALLAN ROYAL MAIL LINE** has direct sailings from Liverpool, Glasgow, Londonderry, Queenstown, Foynes, and Galway, to Quebec, Halifax, Boston, Portland, and Baltimore, and the owners of this Line have by long years of experience become convinced of the fact that only by rigorous discipline, and a careful regard for the welfare of its passengers, can any steamship line hope to reach and maintain the confidence of the travelling public, and the **ALLAN LINE** is now reaping the benefits of a continued application of these principles. Every precaution



is taken for the health and safety of the steerage passengers several compartments, in in the arrangement of the ventilation, quality and supply of food; in short, everything is done to make the sojourn on board agreeable.

For passengers bound to **MANITOBA** and the **GREAT NORTH-WEST**, and to all points in **CANADA** and the **STATES**, the advantages afforded by this Company are worthy of special consideration. Passengers, after leaving the steamer, are put directly on board the cars in waiting alongside the wharf at which the steamer makes fast. They proceed on their journey West without being subjected to the trying ordeal of a transfer through the city. Those destined for the West or for **MANITOBA** have the advantage of a Special Conductor all the way.


Special Through Rates are granted to Manitoba. Emigrants are carried at as low rates as by any Line crossing the Atlantic, and an arrangement exists between the Company and the Government of Canada for the conveyance of **ASSISTED PASSENGERS**.

 For Rates, see Advertisement on the Cover.



It will be observed that in addition to the regular Weekly Lines from **LIVERPOOL**, **GLASGOW**, **QUEENSTOWN** and **LONDONDERRY**, there are regular sailings from **GALWAY** to **BOSTON** direct, and occasionally a Steamer is despatched direct from **FOYNES** (Limerick), so that the facilities afforded to passengers from all parts of Ireland are unequalled, inasmuch as they can embark at *whichever Port is most convenient for them*. This in itself is an immense advantage, and will, no doubt, be largely availed of. Passengers destined for **New York** or **Philadelphia** are provided with free railway passes from either **Boston** or **Baltimore**.



 **THROUGH TICKETS** to the Catholic Colonies of **Minnesota**, &c., and to **Winnipeg**, or to any Inland Town in the United States or Canada, are granted at the lowest possible rates.

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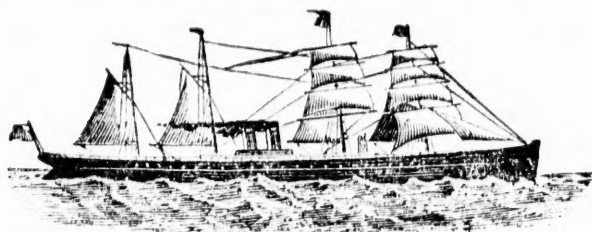
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A STEAMER FROM GALWAY FORTNIGHTLY.

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Intermediate, £8; Steerage at lowest rates.

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THROUGH TICKETS to Winnipeg, or to any Inland Town in the  
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